THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

LINES

Suggested by a View of the Ocean.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FARR BENJAMIN.

Dash on! dash on!" ye crowned and roaring waves,
In majesty pursue your wide career,
Gather your hosts from their unsounded caves,
And plunged and tumbled in your quick uproar—
Waft on the whips of tempest—for the wives
Of Commerce whose yare Atlantic plain,
And lightly reck the sailor as he sings
With nought between the gulfy mute and main—

How beautiful beneath a sunny Heaven ye roll,
Foaming and glittering, to the rocky shore,
Like wild-maned monsters rushing to and fro!
Whose burnings gleam with an unearthly power,
When clouds portend an elemental strife,
With what a solemn grandeur onward throng
Your countless heads, as if with vengeance rife,
And eager for a combat, fierce and long!

Well do I love thee, everglorious sea,
Whether upheaving thy tempestuous crags
Upon the sound, and sounding far and free
With wild commotion to the horizon's verge,
Or peaceful slumbering, wipes the morning dew
Beads in translucent coolness o'er thy breast,
Or when, commanding winds to temper, woo
Eve's crimson banners on the fading West.

Oft have I roamed in Youth's creative time
Of all the bends thy billowy shores have wound,
Of level landscapes and of steeps sublime—
Broad bays, cities cover by stone-cast vessels lined
And of the silver, gold and gems that pave
The glassiest depth of thy unfoodied floor,
And of the wrecks, which every darkest wave
Heaves up and hangs on some dry desert shore.

Then didst become me more of all the soul
Hoist boat and discover, and the dreams of years
Doth not contain the rumour and the dolor—
It cannot hide from memory the wave.
The foreign scene, and sounds of foreign tongues,
The blending notes before the happy day
Of my young life, when, like the fallow ox,
My heart was wanton with the tumba away
Yet do I love thee, infinite of spirit!
For thou dost image the unchanging power
Of Him, whose feet thy waters' waters tread,
And rode to peace in Midnight's darkest hour;
Of Him who, where sky and ocean are compared
Or where they narrow to a girding veil,
Holds time forever in His mighty hand,
And bids the billows and the foam "Be Still!"

New York, Dec. 30, 1848.

Original Novelette.

HENRY BENSON:
OR,
The Events of Twenty-four Hours.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROBERT SUTTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Mamma!" said a pretty little girl of about five years of age, as she held aside the doll which she had been for some time busily engaged in fanning, and approached her mother's chair, "Mamma, when will papa come home, and what makes him so cross?"

"Cross!—my love: why do you think he is cross?"

"Oh! mamma:—in the country he used to come home so quick, and so glad: He used to take me on his knee, and kiss me, and play with me, and then we did romp so."

"Well! my little girl," replied her mother, whose subdued and placid features betrayed an sadness if not sorrowing mind, "does not papa take you on his knee now, when he comes home?—and does he not kiss his little girl?"

"Yes, mamma: but he used to come in quick, he walked fast, and he always laughed: but now, he comes in so slow, like a very, very old man:—and when he takes me in his lap it is and sighs, but he never laughs."

The mother sighed, too, and tears were trembling in her eyes, as she answered: "But papa never smiles my little girl when she is good; that would be cruel, for I am sure he loves her—he is sad and troubled."

"What makes him sad, mamma? What troubles him?"

"His business, my love?"

"Then why don't he stay at home? Why don't he have nothing to do with business?"

"My little darling, if we did not attend to it all have something to eat, and a home to live in, and clothes to wear."

"Well business get all that?" asked the child, thoughtfully.

"It ought to do so, my love. But you must not ask any more questions:—and you must take care not to say anything to papa about it, but you must be a good little girl and try to amuse him, and make him laugh again." As she said this, the young mother stooped down, and kissed her child. "Hush!" she added, "I think I hear papa coming now."

The little girl bounded from her mother's arms and ran to the door, which she opened awaiting with childish glee the appearance of her father.

And while she thus waits, we will take advantage of the opportunity to make our readers acquainted with the parties introduced in their action. Mrs. Benson, for such was the lady's name, was a most interesting and loving woman:—handsome, she would not have been called by the mere casual observer of the moment, for there was in her features not a look that striking beauty, which commands involuntary and instantaneous admiration. Her face was one that might be passed by in the crowd without notice or remark for so, might her figure. Without being above the fair height, and not actually deficient in embonpoint, there was a certain, indescribable, lady-like expression so well known, yet which it is so difficult to describe, and so impossible to encircle it. In him, however, who paused to look again, its sweet, modest mildness gradually but amply compensated for the lack of more striking beauties; and its intellectual cast gave promise of both mind and education. Her face was not always the accompaniments of beauty. Her form was slight, but of an almost perfect mould, and her age about twenty-seven.

The father of this lady was a country gentleman, the descendant of an ancient family. He had married shortly after attaining his majority, but had unhappily wasted both health and fortune in the violent excesses of a determined fox hunter, and a desperate gambler; and had died a few years after his marriage, leaving his widow and his only child to struggle through the unsympathizing world, as they best might, upon the small sum that was all that had been an ample fortune. His widow, thus left the sole guardian of her infant child, had conscientiously discharged the duties of the parent and a faithful instructor. Realizing in herself the unspeakable delights of a well founded religious hope, she had determined that while the physical and mental faculties of her child were dail developed and improved, the more important boon of a trustful reliance upon the superintending wisdom and goodness of God should be increasingly and firmly implanted upon her young heart. And the fruit was as the seed. So, though deprived at the early age of fourteen of the protecting love of this fond mother, and thenceforward given up to the careless guardianship of a distant and weakly minded relative, the faith of the youthful Amy never wavered.

At the age of seventeen, Amy, for the first time, met her future husband, Henry Benson. He also was one whose early life had been blessed by the judicious guidance of worthy parents, and he therefore soon learned to appreciate our young friend's excellencies of character. An ardent attachment ensued, and the orphan became Mrs. Benson on the same day on which she entered her nineteenth year.

For several years they were a most happy couple. Benson prospered in his business: the birth of a daughter strengthened, if possible, their bond of affection: friends and acquaintances multiplied around them: their days passed pleasantly, scalloped by care, and the future brightened in their glances of sanguine hope.

Unhappily this state of things did not last long: after a few years had passed, business began to fail, and disappointments and vexatious were felt, and at last the wreck of their little property was torn from them by the hands of greedy creditors. The small, modest quietness ensued: the obscurious friends of prosperity shunned them in their time of trouble, and they were left to struggle unaided through the bitter trials of unforeseen poverty!

They left their more happy home in the country and sought refuge in London, where Benson fondly hoped that his knowledge of business, and the influence of a few of his former acquaintances might procure him the means of support for his family. Two months' fee rooms to an obscure lodging house were taken for their residence, and thither they had removed, endeavoring to make the most of their condition with the same submissive and still grateful trust with which they had enjoyed their former prosperity.

For a time, encouraged by their mutual love, and by the unchanging cheerfulness and piety of Providence, both combated bravely with their difficulties. But gradually, as their last resources became indeed exhausted one by one, and as the unceasing exertions of the husband to obtain some means of support for his beloved wife and child were met by daily denials and disappointments, his fortitude at times gave way before the melting

Joseph was called a fine, promising young man; but his conduct was not altogether satisfactory to his parents. He was fond of dress and company, and his impetuous temperament not unfrequently involved him in quarrels.—On two or three of these occasions, they feared he had been a little excited by drink. But he was, in reality, a good-hearted fellow, and like his rough father had undeveloped germs of deep tenderness within him. His father's life was bound up within his; his mother loved him with all the energy of which her sluggish nature was capable; and notwithstanding the inequalities of his violent and capricious temper, the neighbors loved him also.

What then, was their consternation, when it was rumored that on his twenty-fourth birthday, he had been arrested for murder! And, alas! it was too true that his passions had thus far over-mastered his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity, and she treated him coolly, because a rival had informed her that he was seen intoxicated, and in that state spoke over-boldly of being sure of her love. He drank again to drown his vexation, and while the excitement of the draught was on him he met the man who informed against him. Unfortunately an axe was at hand, and, in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, nay, would gladly have died could he have restored the life he had so wantonly destroyed.

Thus, Mr. Barker was again brought into a court of justice, on an affair of life and death. How differently all questions connected with the subject presented themselves now! As he sat beside that darling son, the pride of his life, his only hope on earth, oh, how he longed for words of fire, to plead that his young existence might be spared for repentance and amendment! How well he remembered the juryman's plea for youth and intoxication! and with what an agony of self-reproach he recalled his own hard answer!—With intense anxiety he watched the countenances of the jury for some gleams of compassion. But ever and anon, a pale young face loomed up between him and them, and gazed at him with fixed despair. The vision of other years returned to haunt him; and Joseph, his best beloved, his only one, stood beside it, pale and hand-cuffed, as he had been. The voice that pronounced his son guilty sounded like an awful echo of his own—and he seemed to hear Mary Williams whisper, "And my son also was very young."

That vigorous off-shoot from his own existence, so full of life and feeling, and, alas of passion, which misguides us all—he must die! No earthly power can save him. May the All Merciful sustain that poor father, as he watches the heavy slumber of his only son in that dark prison; and while he clasps the cold hand, remembers so well the dimpled fingers he used to hold in his, when little Joe sat upon his knee and prattled childish love.

And the All Merciful was with him, and sent influences to sustain him through that terrible agony. It did not break his heart; it melted and subdued him. The congealed sympathies of his nature flowed under this ordeal of fire; and, for the first time, he had a realizing sense that every human being is, or has been, somebody's little Joe.

"How kind you are to me," said the prisoner, in answer to his soothing words and affectionate attentions.

He replied meekly, "Would I had always been so!" Then turning his face away, and earnestly pressing Joseph's hand, he said, in an agitated voice, "Tell me truly, my son, does it ever occur to you, that I may have been to blame for this great misfortune that has befallen you?"

"You, dear father!" he exclaimed. "I do not understand what you mean."

Still keeping his face turned away, and speaking with effort, Mr. Barker said, "Do you remember once, when I was beating my horse cruelly (you were a boy of twelve then,) neighbor Goodwin remarked to me, that I was giving a bad lesson to my son? I was angry with him at the time; and perhaps that resentment helped to make me hard toward a poor young fellow who is dead and gone; but his words keep ringing in my ears now. May God, in His mercy, forgive me, if I have ever done or said anything to lead you into this great sin. Tell me, Joseph, do you ever think it might have happened otherwise, if you had had a less violent father?"

"My poor father!" exclaimed the prisoner, [illegible] all, I always loved you. You have always sought to do me good, and would rather have died than have led me into any harm. But since I have been here in prison, I have thought of many things that never occurred to me before. The world and all things in it are placed before me in a different light. It seems to me men are all wrong in their habits and teachings. I see now that retaliation and hatred are murder. I have read often, of late, the exhortation of Jesus to forgive our brother his offences, not only seven times, but seventy times seven; and I feel that thus it ought to be with human beings in all their relations with each other. What I have done cannot be undone; but if it will be any satisfaction to you, rest assured that I did not intend to kill him. I was wretched, and I was fool enough to drink, and then I knew not what I did. Violent as my temper has been, I never conceived the thought of taking his life."

"I know it, my son, I know it," he said, "and that reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread I will share it with the mother and sister of him you ———" he hesitated, shuddered, and added in a low deep tone—"you murdered."

"I was going to ask that of you," replied the prisoner; "and one thing more, dear father; try to bear up bravely under this terrible blow, for the sake of my poor patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered; "and now my dear misguided boy, say you forgive your poor father for the teachings of his violent words and actions. I did not forsee the consequences, my child. I did it in my ignorance. But it was wrong, wrong, all wrong."

The young man threw himself on his father's bosom, and they had no other utterance but tears.

* * * * *

After his only strong link to life was broken by the violent arm of the law, Mr. Barker was a changed man; silent and melancholy, patient, gentle and forgiving to all. He never complained of the great sorrow that wasted away his life; but the neighbors saw how thin and sad he looked, and the roughest natures felt compassion for him.

Every year, she who had been Mary Williams, received a hundred dollar note. He never whispered to any mortal that it was sent by the juryman who helped to condemn her son to death; but when he died, a legacy of a thousand dollars to her showed that he never forgot the pale, despairing face, that for years had haunted his dreams.

Varieties.

Swelling.—During the flour excitement last year, an exceedingly important and dandified cockney made his appearance at the office of one of our heaviest produce commission merchants, and inquired if they sold *flowa*.

"Yes, sir," said the merchant, "we deal in flour."

"Ah—awe—I only want to procure a very small lot—some fifteen or twenty thousand barrels."

"Oh, only twenty thousand barrels. I'm very sorry I can't accommodate you, but we *never retail flowa*; our clerks, however, may have fifteen or sixteen thousand barrels, on coupons of the stowage, that they would dispose of—here, John, step this way."

Our transatlantic friend vamosed.

New Mode of Lighting a Pipe.—We saw, a few days since, a laborer standing over a mortar bed in which lime was slacking, and pushing small pieces of paper into the steaming mass. We had known of houses fired by lime slacking, but supposed there was too much water and steam for it in this case. He succeeded, however, and we saw him take up a burning piece of paper and light his pipe, and put his hod on his shoulder and go about his work. Laboring men know more, oftentimes, of practical philosophy than we give them credit for. We acknowledge a disposition to laugh at this man as guilty of an Irishism, but he had the better of us in the end.

Take Care of your Eyes.—A man who has returned from California, being asked what goods were the best investments to be carried to California, replied, "Green spectacles, by all means; for they are needed to protect the eyes of the gold diggers from the brilliancy of the metal."

First Love.—The conversation at Holland House turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes."

"Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by *paring*."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, [illegible]

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 66 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

NOTICE.

By mutual agreement between us and Mr. Israel E. James, heretofore our General Travelling Agent for the Southern and South Western States, he has ceased to be an Agent for the Post. The above notice applies, of course, also to Mr. James's assistants, viz: *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James, and Robt. Barton.*

Our only *Travelling* Agents in the South Western States now, are Mr. Henry M. Lewis, of Montgomery, Alabama, who is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee; and R. Morris & Co., whom we have recently appointed our Agents for Mississippi.

Those of our subscribers in the South and South West, who have been in the habit of waiting to be called upon by an Agent, *will please remit to us directly at Philadelphia.* We have a large amount owing to us in those quarters, and we would take it as an especial favor, if our friends would now remit the amounts which they believe to be due.

Even in the States, both North and South, where we have Travelling Agents, we would request our friends not to wait to be called upon. The money that passes through the hands of an Agent, leaves a large per centage behind it, which our subscribers, by paying us directly, would save us. The right way to do, is to send on the yearly price promptly, (and the money for as many new subscribers with it, as possible,) which puts us in good spirits, communicates a corresponding liveliness to our columns, and enables us to avail ourselves of all favorable openings to increase the attractiveness of the paper, which, when payments are deferred, we are forced to see pass by unimproved. Will not that large portion of our subscribers who are in arrears, remember that "the laborer is worthy of his hire?"

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. F. The address queried after, is Amesbury Massachusetts. We contend that twenty-five is young—young enough—then the girl has become a woman, is out of her bread-and-butter-hood, and with a constitution matured, is ready to take her place as the presiding genius of some faithful heart, some snug little habitation. Ladies much under twenty-five are positively forbidden to read the above. A special edict.

C. K. W. We are sorry to have to disoblige C. K. W., but the advertisement in question is of a class that it is contrary to our rules to insert. We cannot believe any one is in earnest in such a proposition, and we do not think it a legitimate source of amusement. After consideration, we believe our correspondent will agree with us, and say that in our place, he would establish the same rule.

To a Subscriber. [illegible]

THE WORLD ABROAD.

By the arrival of the steamship Europa, we have two weeks later intelligence from the Eastern hemisphere.

The news is important. The Pope of Rome the wisest and most popular Pontiff that has ruled over the Church for centuries, has been compelled to fly from the Papal City, and has taken refuge in Naples. He refused to accept the protection of France, for what reason is not stated. Rome continues tranquil. The Pope has signed a protest declaring all the late acts of the Roman Legislature null and void. Taking the character of the Pope into consideration, this is perhaps the most wonderful event of the last wonderful year. Whether the people are to blame for the flight of the Pope, or whether it is an instance of that inevitable destiny for which neither party is to blame, sufficient facts have not yet come to light to enable us to determine. For when a new era begins to dawn upon the world, the contest between those who adhere to the Past, and those who struggle to realize a glorious Future, is one of those in which guilt often attaches to neither party. It is a conflict of conscientious opinion with equally conscientious opinion—of the Old Truth with the New Truth. Under a properly organized or, in other words, free government, that conflict takes place in the newspapers and at the polls; under other forms of government, physical force to a greater or less extent, has to decide the question; and in proportion as physical power is appealed to, will anger and revenge and other lower feelings of our nature, mix with the holy love of Reform, the equally holy reverence for what is good in the Past, put in peril by the Reformer.

Louis Napoleon has been elected President of France by an overwhelming majority. His majority even in Paris over all competitors was nearly 20,000. A well informed Paris paper says: "so far as we can judge from the incomplete returns that arrive to us from the Departments, the suffrages were divided in the following portions:—Louis Napoleon, 66 per cent; Cavaignac, 21 per cent.; Ledru Rollin, 6 per cent.; Raspail, 4 per cent; Lamartine, 3 per cent." The election was conducted with dignity and decorum.

The great majority of Louis Napoleon will probably ensure the tranquillity of Paris, which it was feared would be disturbed in case of his election. His success shows the falsity of the old proverb, that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." For Louis Napoleon, with a different name, would be nobody. No, the other equally old proverb is far truer, "Names are things."

We repeat what we said some weeks ago, that *we do not think France has anything to fear from* the young Napoleon, save his incompetency. And if he only has sufficient wit to call able men to his assistance, his government may be a blessing to the young Republic; for, of all things, France now needs repose. That the capitalists augur well of Louis Napoleon may reasonably be inferred from the fact that, notwithstanding all the excitement of the election, stocks have risen. Cavaignac, we perceive, has been burnt in effigy amid a large concourse assembled at the Place du Throne, in Paris. On the other hand, the President elect, it is rumored, intends to create him a Marshal of France.

The Emperor of Austria has abdicated in favor of Francis Joseph, son of the Archduke Charles, a youth of only eighteen. This change of Emperors is said to have produced a favorable impression. No reasons for the abdication are given. Probably the situation of Emperor is not as pleasant a one as it used to be.

> "Empires to-day are upside down,
> The castle trembles 'fore the town,
> The monarch fears a printer's frown,
> A brickbat's range;
> Give me in preference to a crown,
> Five shillings change."

Somewhat in this fashion sung the poet during the last famous kick-up of the hard-ridden masses. Times to which Byron alluded when he said—

> "I've seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,
> Kick off their burdens—meaning the higher classes."

By the way, we perceive that the National Assembly at Frankfort, has followed the lead of France, and determined to have no "higher classes"—a majority of 225 to 141 having decided that the nobility, as a distinct and political class, shall be set aside, and, by a rather smaller majority, that all titles not attached to public offices shall be abolished. Said not De Tocqueville truly, that Democracy was the imperative demand of all Western Europe!

Military executions still continue at Vienna, and the young Emperor receives deputations in military costume. We predicted the old Emperor would lose his head—he has saved it by his abdication. We now predict that if young Francis Joseph "follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," he will bring up some gloomy morning at the scaffold. Of course while we predict, we do not mean to express a sanction. *But it is* easy to see that the contest between a despotic King, and a people determined to be free, must end, in such times as these, in the overthrow of the former. *For the King has no other defence* but the army, that army is recruited from the people, and, sooner or later, must partake of its feelings and prejudices.

In Prussia, the King has promulgated a Constitution of a liberal character, embracing all the guarantees of religious liberty. There are to be two chambers—an upper chamber, consisting of 180 members, to last six years, and the lower chamber, consisting of 350 members, to last three years—both to be elective, and the power of summoning and dissolving the chambers to rest with the King. The franchise touches universal suffrage. The King of Prussia has no great reputation for wisdom—but such times as the present sharpen a man's wits. If Kings would only grant free institutions as rapidly as their people were prepared for them, they might live easy lives, and die lamented in their beds.

Ireland is tranquil—the people are dying of starvation, and making no more noise than could be reasonably expected. The middle classes still continue to emigrate, carrying with them the wealth of the country. Smith O'Brien and his associates remain in confinement. It is rumored that if the Judges of the Queen's Bench decide in favor of the writs of error, the Crown will withhold the requisite sanction for an appeal to the House of Lords. We do not believe it.

The Cholera is raging fearfully in Presburg, Hungary, but it is dying away in Great Britain. We have seen no accounts yet of its having reached Ireland. The miserable condition of the peasantry of that country would seem to hold out fearful inducements for the visit of the contagion. If Ireland be spared, she should proclaim a general Thanksgiving, for to fallible human reason it would appear as a special providence of the Almighty.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

While many members of Congress, probably a majority, manifest a laudable desire to reduce the postage upon newspapers and magazines some of them appear to favor changes in the existing Post Office Law, which would prove exceedingly detrimental to the proprietors of such periodicals.

Among the most objectionable propositions which have been made, is one rendering it obligatory upon publishers to prepay the postage on newspapers, &c. While we have very little apprehension of the enactment of such a regulation—which, as has been well observed by a country contemporary, rivals the odious Stamp Act of the colonial days—we can but feel some trepidation so long as it is advocated by any influential and intelligent member of Congress. The effect of such a regulation would be disastrous in the extreme to all publishers, and ruinous to many. For publishers themselves to pay the postage, at the low price to which the subscription of newspapers has been reduced by competition, is not to be thought of. No paper of twenty thousand subscribers could stand a weekly tax of two hundred, or even of one hundred dollars; while to add the amount of the postage to the subscription price, would not only cause a great loss in all existing contracts, but cause nearly as great a decrease in circulation, as a positive increase in price to the same amount. The effect would thus be to greatly reduce the amount of postage now derived by the Post Office Department from newspapers; the Department not only losing by the lower rate of postage, but by the decreased number of papers. Members of Congress may not see only such should be the effect, but all publishers will tell them that *it would be the effect. Infinitely rather would we have the Post Office Law respecting newspapers remain as it is, than have the postage reduced to one fourth what it now is, with the proposed system of prepayment.*

We suppose that this plan of prepayment takes its rise from a statement in the recent Report of the Postmaster General, that a comparatively insignificant number of *dead* papers collect at the offices in the principal cities. This fact perhaps partly explains the cause of the numerous complaints of subscribers relative to the non-reception of their papers—but why the mismanagement of the Post Office should be laid to the doors of publishers, we cannot rightly see. The law is that if a paper be not taken out of any Post Office, the postmaster of said office shall inform the publisher of the fact—*when this information is given, the paper is immediately stopped.* It is not the *interest* of publishers to lumber up the mails with papers that will not be taken out and, of course, not be paid for. Neither is it done by *publishers* to any considerable extent—the greater portion of the accumulation probably results from transient papers.

Publishers have not asked for an alteration of the present Postage Law, except in respect to prices. Surely it is a simple thing to alter the present rates, without adopting new regulations calculated to impair contracts, and destroy a large amount of capital invested in contemplation of the permanency of existing laws. Why will Congress favor us with such constant over-legislation. We ask that the National Legislature should encourage the circulation of newspapers and magazines by reducing the postage—whereupon we see [illegible] all England newspapers are allowed to pass through the mails, *free* of postage. Such, also, ought to be the law of America; and such would be the law, if the absurd idea that the Post Office Department must bear its own expenses, could only be rooted out of the minds of our public men. Why should the Post Office Department pay its own expenses, any more than the Judiciary? If those who use the Post Office, should pay its expenses, why not those who use the Courts? Newspapers and magazines constitute almost the only reading of nine tenths of the community—they are the great promoters of moral and intellectual advancement in the masses, and wise legislators would encourage their dissemination by allowing them a free passage through the mails.

Every year witnesses an improvement in the quality of newspapers. Look at the little dingy Saturday Evening Post of twenty years ago, and then at our present mammoth sheet, filled with the best matter that can be procured, and calculated to improve alike the minds and morals of its readers. Witness, too, the low price at which it is afforded, $2, for single subscribers, and $1 to clubs of twenty and over, thus enabling the poorest man in the community to procure good reading for himself and family. And witnessing this improvement in quality and reduction in price, who will say that the daily and weekly press do not deserve the commendation of those who truly desire the moral and intellectual advancement of their country?

Large weekly papers like our own, with thousands of subscribers in all portions of the Union, from Maine to Texas, have an effect to make us a homogeneous people, to smooth down sectional asperities, to bring the mind of one section in contact with the mind of another, and thus promote love and harmony between the different portions of our widely extended confederacy. The value of the large weekly paper, in this respect, has been nearly entirely overlooked. But is it not as clear as noonday?

Considering the force and violence of sectional feelings, is it not well that papers should exist whose interest it is, circulating in all portions of the country, to uphold that Union by whose dissolution they would so greatly suffer? Pledged to the Union by their very existence—the children of the Union, and not of the States—they have, we think, some claim to the favor and support of the Congress of the Union, and of all those who regard every agency of importance, which tends to rivet closer that bond of harmony, the existence of which is our only guarantee of continued peace and prosperity.

RETURN OF THE DOVE.

We would call the attention of the Philadelphia public to Rossiter's magnificent painting of the Return of the Dove to the Ark, now exhibiting at the Academy of Fine Arts. It is one of those pictures that will please generally, and therefore should be visited not only by connoisseurs, but by the public at large. It is a grand picture. The patriarch and his sons, and his sons' wives, are grouped on the prow of the Ark. The storm of forty days is breaking away, and a deep red light like that which breaks through the clouds after a thunder shower, floods the whole scene with its divine radiance. In the distance the Dove is seen, with the olive-branch, returning to the Ark; and the still tumultuous flood, heaving with the deep, strong swell of an ocean whose bed is the entire globe. Fronting the audience, on the side of the Ark, stands the hoary patriarch, his face contrasting grandly with the rest, in its sublime repose and majestic confidence. Their faces, with one exception, express Wonder, his "the triumph of Faith."

Japhet and his wife are the finest figures of the group. The latter is a beautiful creation—her form is rounded and full, her face spiritual and upturned in earnest adoration—while on her naked shoulder plays the warm rich light, pouring down in all its original brightness, fresh and unstained from Heaven.

But we will say no more at present, lest our readers should think we are disposed to exaggerate the beauties of this admirable picture—when they have seen it, we shall not be liable to such an imputation.

FURBISHING UP.

The Pennsylvanian, Daily News, and Daily Sun, of this city, have all come out in new suits with the new year. R. T. Conrad is engaged as additional editor for the News—his able pen would enhance the value of any journal. The Pennsylvanian is as able and effective a political sheet as there is in the country. The Sun is a bright light, we doubt not, though we seldom have the pleasure of seeing its rays, except as reflected from the columns of other papers.

ALCHEMY.

The newly elected *President of France*, Louis Napoleon, employed his time when in London, in endeavoring to discover the "philosopher's stone." He has discovered it at last in the dry bones of his uncle, the "little corporal."

MILEAGE.

By a reference to our Congressional Report, the reader will perceive that no little excitement has been created among the members of Congress, by a statement recently published in the New York Tribune, edited by Mr. Horace Greeley, who is also a Representative from New York. Mr. Greeley accuses the members of Congress, both Senators and Representatives, of charging mileage on a greater number of miles than the actual number as indicated by the official list of nearest Post Routes. In many cases, the "excess of mileage," as he terms it, amounts to from three to six hundred dollars, in some cases to over a thousand.

The law upon the subject of mileage says that each member shall receive eight dollars for every twenty miles travelled in coming to and returning from Congress, "by the usually travelled route." Now we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the great majority of members of Congress take advantage of this ambiguity of phrase to draw more mileage than they are properly entitled to, without more proof than has yet been afforded. We think that Mr. Greeley has made some mistake in the matter—of the honesty of his purpose we entertain no doubt. As the statement in question has been referred to the House Committee on Mileage, it will be well for the country to wait for a report from it, embodying the facts of the case, before coming to the conclusion that the leading politicians of all parties have joined hands in any scheme to defraud the Treasury.

But while we are upon this subject of Mileage, we may embrace the opportunity to express the opinion that the present law needs reforming very much. Its injustice and unfairness are so palpable, that it requires only a statement of its operation, to cause it to be universally condemned. It is a self-evident principle, that the compensation of all members of Congress, belonging to the same body, should be the same. But through the operation of the present Mileage Law, the members from the far South or far North, receive a considerably greater remuneration for their services, than those residing in Virginia, Maryland or other States adjacent to the seat of government. For instance, a member from Texas receives over $3 000 mileage, while a member from Maryland receives under $100, in one case only $32. As a consequence, the members from Texas receive, on an average, nearly two thousand dollars each session more than the members from Maryland—for it cannot cost the Texas members, we should think, more than three hundred or four hundred dollars for travelling expenses.

Now we do not assert that the compensation received even by the members from Texas is too great—but we do contend that they are not entitled to one cent more than the members from our own or any other State. If eight dollars a day and legitimate travelling expenses be not a sufficiently large compensation for the best talent of the country—and the best talent *should* be sent to Congress—*let the daily allowance be increased to what is a fair compensation.* But away with all systems of payment, by which one member will receive in the course of his term thousands of dollars more than another. We think the members of Congress from the near States, should be deterred by no false notions of delicacy from taking this matter in hand—though it would look better if some member who is profiting above his fellows, by the present arrangement, would suggest some modification of the existing law, by which all the members could receive an equal compensation for their services.

FORREST AND MACREADY.

Much censure has been bestowed upon Mr. Forrest for his letter to Macready, written some time ago in this city. The condemnation of the press has been almost universal. It is rather too late now to express our opinion—though the proverb says, "better late than never,"—but we proclaim our own conviction that Mr. Forrest's letter is not deserving of such strong censure as it has received. Mr. Macready had made speeches alluding to Mr. Forrest, and the latter had a right to reply. Mr. Macready has long had the reputation of being a selfish man in his relations with his brother actors, and we think Mr. Forrest was not to blame for exposing any efforts that he had sufficient reason to believe were originated by Mr. Macready, to injure him (Mr. Forrest) with the English public.

That we are not blind friends of Mr. Forrest the reader may perceive, when we express our preference for Mr. Macready as an actor. They are both great actors, but the latter is, we think, the most intellectual and has the widest range. We never saw Hamlet acted more magnificently than by Macready—and we especially admired the handkerchief scene which so disgusted his American rival. Not that we think Macready's Hamlet is exactly Shakspeare's Hamlet—but he is a very admirable Hamlet nevertheless. Shakspeare's Hamlet is more meditative, more irresolute. In conformity with this difference, Mr. Macready omitted altogether the scene in which Hamlet comes upon the King while praying, and invents false excuses to justify his not slaying him on the spot. [illegible]

And yet, we say, Macready acts Hamlet magnificently—approaching as nearly as his organization will permit, to the model set before him. His Hamlet is as much a living, breathing man as Shakspeare's; though not so fine and volatile a creation. But who could give us Shakspeare's Hamlet? Only one as great, in a different line, as Shakspeare. We must be content with approximations.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

We gave an account a few months ago, of some discoveries in the copper regions of Lake Superior, disclosing vestiges of a former race of copper miners. Other discoveries have recently been made a few miles from the mouth of the Ontonagon River. Workings, manifesting too much skill to have been the production of the present race of Indians, have been found, which extend for more than half a mile through the forest. It is computed that an expenditure of $50,000 at this time, would not pay for the accomplishment of a like amount of labor. The great antiquity of these mines is proved by the fact that Hemlock trees, two feet in diameter, supposed to be two and three hundred years old, are growing over the workings. Many loads of rude stone hammers have been found buried a few feet below the surface. Curious queries are suggested by such discoveries, to which no answer probably will ever be made. Were these mound builders and copper miners, the ancestors of the present race of Indians—and have the latter degenerated from being split up into little tribes, waging continual war with each other? Or were they the ancestors of the native tribes of Mexico and Peru, driven out by invaders from farther North? Who can answer such inquiries of the Present to the Past? The Past is dumb—it answers but by signs, whose significance we understand not. Soon even those signs themselves, the relics of a former inferior civilization, will be swept away, and the Mound will rear itself only on the page of the historian, and the Copper Mine be entombed in the vaster explorations of a superior race. Then the Past will be doubly dumb! But what matters it? Its children did their work in their season, and passed away; we also shall do our work, and also pass away—and it will matter little to us, that the giants of another era shall stumble over our remains, and, even while denominating us pigmies, feel a little natural curiosity as to our name, and history, and fate.

MR. CONNOLLY'S OPINIONS.

A Mr John L. Connolly, through the columns of the Charleston Mercury, warns the public "against the trap that is now before them regarding the gold region of California." He says, "It is a base fabrication, got up by speculators to deceive the unwary and gull the ignorant. I have been four years in that country, and I am ready to undeceive any individual who may think it worth his notice to call on me at my residence." As we have not the time just now to call at Mr. Connolly's residence, in Charleston, we suppose, we hope the Mercury man will do that same, and inform the world whether Mr. C. has any valuable information upon the subject. Let those who have such information speak now, when everybody wishes to hear, or "forever after hold their peace."

THE CHIPPEWAS.

The Delegation of Chippewa Indians, on their way to Washington, in the hope of being able to induce Congress to grant them permission to remain on the public lands, they promising to cultivate the arts of civilization, were, when last heard from, at Pittsburg. May they be successful in their mission, if they are truly desirous of abandoning their blankets and taking to breeches. We think a little Indian blood should of right run into the great American reservoir. As all the varying races of men descended from Adam, perhaps it requires a mingling of the blood of the whole to form once more the perfect man. And still there are certain races of which we should think a very little would do, as in blending perfumes a very little musk will go a great ways.

THE ENGLISH MARKETS.

Cotton is more active—the political disturbances on the Continent seem to have lost their depressing influence. Fair Upland and Mobile are quoted at 4½d. and Orleans at 4½d. Other quotations of Mobile at 4¼d. Wheat and flour have advanced slightly—Indian 2s. per quarter. The market generally more active, and advancing.

TO OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

To our friends of the Press, who have so many of them recently noticed the Post in approving and kindly terms, we return our thanks. We are keeping their favors to make a display with, one of these days. By the way, will they not raise their voices against the destructive proposition that we notice in our article on Cheap Postage?

THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

The Chronicle, published at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, is an excellent paper, and has an enterprising publisher. We wish him plenty of subscribers about these times.

CALIFORNIA.

Letters from California multiply containing statements of the demoralization of the population. A letter in the Union says:

"In the race after gold, religion and morality are crowded off; education is not dreamed of; farms are neglected, and crops are deserted and left to rot in and upon the ground; dissipation and profanity are almost universal; there are no laws for the governance of the country; and if there were, there is no power in the country that could enforce them; robberies and murders are committed, and their perpetrators go unpunished. Every man engaged in hunting gold, and every man who visits the gold region, goes armed to the teeth. Scenes of violence occur; there is no security for life or property; and these things must remain until a regularly organized territorial government is organized at Washington over California, and a strong military (*cavalry*) force sent out to sustain it."

Private letters have been received in Boston, according to the Traveller, to the same effect—They say that those who obtain possession of the precious ore in a large quantity, often soon afterwards disappear—even traces on their way from the mines have been plundered.

That these accounts are true we have no doubt. Such a motley population, infected with that "rage canine of growing rich" (as Young terms it) which is perhaps the most debasing of all the passions, naturally would soon fall into the most vicious excesses and criminal practices. We have again and again insisted that something should be done to secure the benefit of these mines to the people at large; and this view gathers strength from the necessity that exists of the Federal Government extending its sway for the preservation of order and the security of life in the mineral region. That there are some difficulties in the way is true; but none that is insurmountable—Men can be selected from the regular army to go to California at a liberal compensation, who would not desert the straight path of their duty, though Potosi lay on one side, and Golconda on the other. In the statement that the Gold Region is of indefinite extent, we put little faith. If Gold can be found everywhere, it is not likely that it would have waited for the Yankees to pick it up. The Californians and Mexicans have been quite as eager hunters for the precious metals as our own people. We trust, therefore, that the proper measures will be taken before long by Congress, to preserve alike the treasure of the nation, and the property and lives of American citizens in the Gold Region.

WE THOUGHT SO.

The principal reason set forth in the proclamation of the Emperor of Austria, announcing his abdication, for that important step, is this:—

"The pressure of events, and the immediate want of a comprehensive reformation of our forms of state, and which we, in the month of March last, endeavored to meet and promote, have more and more convinced us that more youthful powers are needed to complete this grand work."

We thought so. In other words the Emperor says, "Gentlemen, this situation of Emperor has become one in which the incumbent receives more kicks than coppers, and I resign in favor of younger and tougher flesh."

The new Emperor says in *his* proclamation:—

"We are convinced of the necessity and value of free institutions, and enter with confidence on the path of prosperous reformation of the Monarchy.

On the basis of true liberty, on the basis of the equality of rights of all our people, and the equality of all citizens before the law, and on the basis of their equally partaking in the representation and legislation, the country will rise to its ancient grandeur."

He also says he is resolved to maintain the rights of the Crown. And we think he is quite as sincere in this declaration, as in the blarney about "*free institutions*," for we read that "Vienna is still in a state of siege, and military executions still continue."

FLIGHT OF THE POPE.

Since inditing our summary of the Foreign News in another column, we have seen a more detailed statement of the flight of the Pope. He escaped from the Quirinal, disguised in the first place as a servant, and afterwards as a chaplain of the Minister of Bavaria, who assisted him in his flight. His taking refuge with the tyrant of Naples, has given great offence to his subjects, denoting as it appears to do that he has joined hands with the reactionary party of Italy. Certain persons whom the Pope designated in his protest, as a Governing Commission, utterly repudiate the appointment, and three of them fled from Rome upon hearing of it. It is commonly supposed that Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, is deeply implicated in the proceedings which have led to the Pope's flight; and it is said that he will probably be appointed President of the Roman Republic, if one should ever be constituted. All the foreign envoys save the Sardinian minister had left Rome, and large bodies of Austrian troops had moved towards the frontiers of the Papal States. It is curious to read the Pope's protest, as we can but remember that from a *protest of the Reformers*, came the term Protestant; and those who are more jocular than reverential, may be tempted to say that the Head of the Romish Church has turned Protestant.

SILVER MINE, TOO.

The gold excitement wearing out a little, a fresh report has been started of an "*immense vein of native silver*," that exists *somewhere* in Upper California—where great masses of silver ore weighing, it is supposed, twenty thousand pounds, are to be seen. The secret of the location of this vein, the report says, was communicated to the Mexican Government by a Missionary; but the Government "ordered the Missionary to have the mine of silver covered up, and that its existence should be kept a profound secret, under penalty of death. The Government gave as a reason for this injunction, that *if the existence of such immense mineral wealth in California should become known to the people of the city of Mexico, such would be the tendency of emigration to that quarter, that the safety of the city might be greatly endangered.*"

The above is the most utterly absurd and impudent attempt at humbug, that it has been our lot to see lately. The man that can be gammoned by it, should keep out of the fields, for he is so excessively *green* that the cattle would eat him.

THE BONAPARTES.

The Bonapartes are having a good time of it. Louis Lucien Bonaparte has been elected to the French Assembly from Corsica—in opposition to a candidate, not a Bonaparte, recommended by Prince Louis and Jerome Bonaparte. Louis Lucien is said to be more of a Republican than others of the family. If any of these Bonapartes only had the head of Napoleon on his shoulders, what a chance for them, and peril, perhaps, for the world.

The last received account of the French election, states that Louis Napoleon had received four millions of votes, whilst those of General Cavaignac were only nine hundred thousand. *Vive Napoleon!*

LAW OF THE ROAD.

It has been decided by Chief Justice Greene, of New Jersey, that under the statute simply directing that all carriages shall "keep to the right," the person driving on the left of the road is not necessarily in the wrong, unless there is not room to let another pass. The one who is on the right side, however, though occupying the whole smooth part of the road, is not necessarily culpable for not yielding one half of the track, or in the case of an empty meeting a loaded wagon, turning out for the loaded one. If this is done, it is by courtesy only; and the one on the right can insist if he chooses, on his legal right to occupy the road.

MEETING OF WOMEN.

A public meeting of the Rosine Association for the Reformation, Employment and Instruction of Females who have led immoral lives, will be held at the Lecture room of the Museum Building, (entrance on George street,) on Saturday, January 6th, at three o'clock, P. M., to which women of all denominations are invited.

In connection with this notice, we would call the attention of our citizens to the Intelligence Office for women and children, opened by the Rosine Association at their store, No. 204 north Eighth street.

CHRISTMAS IN PHILADELPHIA.

According to one of the Boston papers, Philadelphia presented a terrible sight on Christmas day, with bloody fights, mobbing private houses, &c., &c. We publish this as *news*, that will be interesting to our city readers, who probably saw nothing of these terrible doings. How two or three hundred miles sharpen the optics!

SAFETY FUND NOTES.

There is no *safety* in remitting the halves of New York "safety fund" bank bills through the mail—as the loss of one half, is just as fatal as the loss of the whole bill—according to a rather curious decision of Millard Fillmore, Comptroller, and Vice President-elect.

WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?

The Editor of the Lynn News appears to be an advocate of the conversion of dogs into sausages, for he heads a late article in relation to these noisy quadrupeds with the following sentence—"*Down with the Dogs!*"

AN IMPOSTOR.

A girl at Washington has been astonishing the credulous with the old trick of taking pins out of their bodies and swallowing them (the *pins*). She has attracted more attention than does honor to the nineteenth century. Any of our jugglers can beat her all hollow.

FENELON.

A writer in the Literary World thinks that there is sufficient evidence to warrant us in believing that the illustrious Archbishop Fenelon passed some of his early years as a missionary among the Iroquois or Five Nations. He goes into the subject in detail.

POLAND.

Again it is reported that measures are being taken by Russia, to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, under the Duke of Leuchtenburg as sovereign. We *hope* there is truth in the report.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible]

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., Dec. 23d, 1848.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

PRICE OF SHOVELS IN CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE GOLD OF THE WORLD.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

[illegible]

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849.

HORRIBLE.

In a storm in the Irish Channel, one hundred and fifty emigrant passengers from Sligo to Liverpool, in the steamboat Londonderry, were swept off into the fore-cabin, 10 feet long, 11 wide, and 7 high. The consequences were what might have been expected. Soon the air became extinct—the shrieks and groans of the imprisoned sufferers were not heard amid the storm, or what seemed vastly more probable, not heeded; and by morning scarcely one out of the one hundred and fifty perished. There they lay, piled confusedly one upon another, men, women and children, covered with blood which had gushed from their mouths and noses, or had flowed from injuries received in the frightful struggles for air. The captain and two mates of the Londonderry have been found guilty, by the coroner's jury, of manslaughter. What kind of men must these officers, and the crew under them, have been? Let English-men henceforth hold their peace reflecting on American lynch-law and riots—for this, in native cruelty of heart, are—mere sham.

NO MONOPOLY.

The ladies in G-ranny have adopted the war cry of "No Monopoly." And verily they are not the male sex alone belongs the honor of securing monarchies. It is said to have literally become a general fashion among them, "to indulge, at the lip, thereby promoting the growth of a full-sized mouth, and to affect the effect of a wry-mouthe. By the present taste, a shaded upper lip is considered a beauty, and it is openly advocated by foreign belles as a means of economy in the toilette, and also by increasing the whiteness of the teeth. A sting daily, about the mouth is recommended—in winter, by winter, a very presentable and silky mustache."

CHOLERA IN NEW ORLEANS.

The most distressing accounts are received from New Orleans as to the prevalence of the Cholera in that city. Business is entirely at a stand, and it is computed that 30,000 of the inhabitants have left there. One of the papers says that the disease attacks only the poorest class and the intemperate, but another paper says that it strikes all classes. Many of the planters have passed the steamboats bound up the Mississippi, have also fled. The alarm is universal, and probably the reports are exaggerated.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 127—adults 71, and children 56.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate, on the 18th, Messrs. Dodge and Jones, the new Senators from the State of Iowa, presented their credentials—were qualified, and took their seats.

Mr. Allen, of Ohio, offered a resolution, the purport of which was to instruct the Committee on Finance, to ascertain what clauses the new Senators should be assigned—the Senate being divided into three classes—term of service of each class to be one body expiring every two years.

Mr. Allen's resolution was adopted, and the Senate proceeded, by ballot, to fix that case for which Messrs. Dodge and Jones belong. The result of drawing was the result; Mr. Dodge's term to expire on the fourth day of March, 1855. Mr. Jones's term to expire on the same day of March, 1853.

Mr. Underwood offered a resolution inquiring into the expediency of establishing a Board or a Bureau, for the purpose of ascertaining something approximating towards the exact number of lands granted by the United States. Also, to ascertain the number of acres of the same, in the State of California.

These resolutions gave rise to a sort of rambling debate, in which allusions were made to the movements now going on in this country and the "gold fever." It seemed to be conceded that the public lands in California ought not to be squandered, as unfortunately the public lands in Texas had been, but be adopted by the Government to secure a revenue from them. The resolutions were finally laid upon the table.

Several notices were given of the proposed introduction of bills granting public lands for the construction of railroads in Iowa, Mississippi, &c.

A bill for the relief of the heirs of Gen. Nash was taken up and passed, after a brief discussion.

On the 27th, Mr. Benton, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill to grant a site for establishing a new land office in the State of Missouri.

Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, moved to take up a bill relative to the purchase of the land warrants, which motion was agreed to.

After speeches from Mr. Johnson of Louisiana, Mr. Dix and Clayton, and against it from Messrs. Davis, of Mass., and Bell, a motion to postpone the bill was finally carried.

On the 28th, Mr. Bright introduced a joint resolution, fixing on Thursday next as the day when a vote will be taken for the Senator from Indiana, to succeed Mr. Hendricks, whose term of service expires on the 4th of March next.

Mr. Underwood offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Public Lands, to report a bill relative to the purchase of the land warrants, which was agreed to.

After speeches from Messrs. Johnson, Dix, Dodge, Clayton, and against it from Messrs. Davis, of Mass., and Bell, a motion to postpone the bill was finally carried.

On the 29th, Mr. Bright introduced a joint resolution, fixing on Thursday next as the day when a vote will be taken for the Senator from Indiana, to succeed Mr. Hendricks, whose term of service expires on the 4th of March next.

The Senate then took up bills upon the private calendar, and after disposing of several, went into Executive Session, and adjournedly attended until Tuesday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 27th, the Speaker announced, as the first thing in order, the call of States for the call of bills, &c., &c. Mr. Stewart's motion to reconsider the vote passing Ian's resolution prohibiting the traffic in slaves in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, being entitled to the floor, addressed the House at length in favor of repealing all legislation on the subject of abolishing slavery whether that legislation was in favor of slavery in the South, the East or the West. No good came from it, and much evil might result from an exciting state of public feeling.

In regard to the abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia, he said that was a matter with which the people of the District should settle themselves—and which Congress had no right to do, and, to a certain extent, their wishes should be consulted. What slavery was abolished in the new free States, he wished to say, was abolished by the subject were first ascertained by a direct vote; and it was a matter of great regret that the people of the District should have some voice in the disposition of a question in which they were the only persons personally interested. As they decided, whether for or against the continuance of slavery in their District, so it should be—their request should rule.

For his own part, he abhorred the institution of slavery—by nature he was, he said, was repugnant to all his feelings of right—but he did not feel himself at liberty to act with the system—and conscious of the moral and political evils which it entailed upon those who continued to support it, he did not feel clearly of the opinion that Congress had the right at this moment to interfere with it—and he was decreed and recognized as property by the laws of the States and the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Vinton moved to postpone the consideration of the question for one week.

Mr. Wentworth said that the question had already been sufficiently debated, and the views of members were pretty well ascertained; and he, for one, therefore, move to lay the motion to reconsider on the table.

A division was called for, and decided in the negative—yeas 38, nays 180—so Mr. Wentworth's motion was lost.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, proposed an amendment to Ian's resolution, which was one for information, instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia, to inquire into the expediency of framing a law prohibiting the sale of slaves in the District that were brought from States for that purpose.

Mr. Vinton renewed his motion to postpone the consideration of the question for two weeks.

The Speaker signed a number of bills which had passed the House.

Mr. Sawyer rose, he said, for the purpose of calling the attention of the House to a subject of which all its members had a direct interest. He held in his hand, he said, a copy of the New York Tribune, in which appear certain tables, purporting to show the amount of money wrongfully drawn out of the public treasury by members of the Senate and House, in the shape of mileage. According to these tables there was not a Senator or member of the House of Representatives, with the solitary exception of Mr. Rodgers, of North Carolina, but had charged the Government more or less unjustifiable expense—that is, one legally not entitled to. For his part, he did not wish to rest under such a dishonorable imputation—The compiler of these tables, who stood forth in the light of a public prosecutor, had done him great injustice in stating that he had obtained an excess of over two hundred dollars for mileage, while his colleague, Mr. Schenck, stood charged with an excess of only two dollars.

[The delivery of this speech threw the House into the utmost confusion—the Speaker finding it nearly impossible, if not quite so, to preserve any thing like order. Jokes—repartees—laughter—attempts to offer resolutions—speeches commenced and interrupted—and the whole in-lored into the customary explosion.]

Mr. Turner at length succeeded in arresting and securing the attention of the House. He complained, he said, not merely for himself, but for the slander charging the Speaker of the House of Representatives with put forward in taking an excess of fourteen dollars for mileage.

Mr. Healey, as a member of the Committee on Mileage, rose for the purpose of making an explanation, not merely for setting the matter right before the House, but before the whole country.

He was interrupted by several other members, who equally anxious to speak—to make explanations—and to declare their particular positions in regard to any general or direct charge touching the items of extensive mileage.

Amid the general din, numerous questions of order were made, viz: as to whether Mr. Turner should be allowed to proceed with his remarks when interrupted by Mr. Healey.

The question was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Turner, continued. He alluded to the statement which appeared in the New York Tribune, and said that it appeared to be that extreme or rather its author, he wished to make distinction between Mr. G-ndley, a member of Congress, Mr. Gr-eley, the editor of the Tribune, and a member, he had nothing at present to say—but he would say something hereafter from a point of view tables—the getter up of these charges, he thought him to be a base slanderer. (Great confusion.)

Mr. Greely, of the Committee on Mileage, attempted to explain his course and the course adopted by the Committee. He gave it as his belief that Mr. Gr-eley and Mr. Gr-ndley's charges were found upon the members in taking what had been termed an excess of mileage, but to show the accuracy of his statements, he would read from the tables.

Mr. Turner offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Mileage to inquire whether members who were entitled to mileage, and whether they are entitled to, and whether the articles which appeared in the New York Tribune was not an allegation of fraud.

Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, moved to lay the resolution on the table. The question was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative by a large majority.

Mr. Gentry rose and obtained leave for the purpose of making an explanation. He briefly referred to the Home bore he had been charged, and obtained all the information which had been given before the committee as to the cause of the excess. His object, he said, in giving publicity to these facts was, to save money to the Treasury, and to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of what would cut down the charges made by members for mileage.

Mr. King, of Georgia, said that he had never before addressed the House on the subject of mileage, nor was he to be settled entirely by the Committee on Mileage.

Mr. Greeley resumed. Members, he said, were charged. They shielded the responsibility of it, and he was sorry to see any mighty stir manifested—and been lost to the public Treasury.

Mr. King—Did I understand you to charge me with stealing? I made a positive statement. Do you impugn it?

Mr. Greeley—I charge no particular member with shirking. I say, somehow or other, the mileage has gone out of the Treasury—that's all.

[The sensation was very great throughout the House during this remarkable debate.]

Mr. Gentry further explained, and the debate finally closed by adopting Mr. Turner's resolution.

On motion, the House adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Ficklin presented a petition, unnecessary signed, praying for a reduction of postage on newspapers and periodicals.

Mr. Ficklin, of Illinois, Mr. Niles said he would detain the Senate for a few moments, in order to present upon their consideration the propriety of taking early action in reference to one of the most prominent questions of the day. It was the Ocean postage—a matter which, he was sure, was much interested in reference to the present rates of postage—although a reduction had been made, still the rates of certain of the letters to be by the friends of this measure, a still further reduction was desired. It was to this subject he would, to bring the question before the Senate at an early day, as he believed the wants and interests of the people imperatively demanded a reform in our postage laws.

Mr. Niles said he would not again bring up his bill of last session, but give no one heard on the subject.—Editor Saturday Evening Post.

The Senate then took up bills upon the private calendar, and after disposing of several, went into Executive Session, and adjournedly attended until Tuesday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 27th, the Speaker announced, as the first thing in order, the call of States for the call of bills, &c., &c. Mr. Stewart's motion to reconsider the vote passing Ian's resolution prohibiting the traffic in slaves in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, being entitled to the floor, addressed the House at length in favor of repealing all legislation on the subject of abolishing slavery whether that legislation was in favor of slavery in the South, the East or the West. No good came from it, and much evil might result from an excited state of public feeling.

In regard to the abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia, he said that was a matter with which the people of the District should settle themselves—and which Congress had no right to do, and, to a certain extent, their wishes should be consulted. What slavery was abolished in the new free States, he wished to say, was abolished by the subject were first ascertained by a direct vote; and it was a matter of great regret that the people of the District should have some voice in the disposition of a question in which they were the only persons personally interested. As they decided, whether for or against the continuance of slavery in their District, so it should be—their request should rule.

For his own part, he abhorred the institution of slavery—by nature he was, he said, was repugnant to all his feelings of right—but he did not feel himself at liberty to act with the system—and conscious of the moral and political evils which it entailed upon those who continued to support it, he did not feel clearly of the opinion that Congress had the right at this moment to interfere with it—and he was decreed and recognized as property by the laws of the States and the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Vinton moved to postpone the consideration of the question for two weeks.

Mr. Wentworth said that the question had already been sufficiently debated, and the views of members were pretty well ascertained; and he, for one, therefore, move to lay the motion to reconsider on the table.

A division was called for, and decided in the negative—yeas 38, nays 180—so Mr. Wentworth's motion was lost.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, proposed an amendment to Ian's resolution, which was one for information, instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia, to inquire into the expediency of framing a law prohibiting the sale of slaves in the District that were brought from States for that purpose.

Mr. Vinton renewed his motion to postpone the consideration of the question for two weeks.

The Speaker signed a number of bills which had passed the House.

Mr. Sawyer rose, he said, for the purpose of calling the attention of the House to a subject of which all its members had a direct interest. He held in his hand, he said, a copy of the New York Tribune, in which appear certain tables, purporting to show the amount of money wrongfully drawn out of the public treasury by members of the Senate and House, in the shape of mileage. According to these tables there was not a Senator or member of the House of Representatives, with

ALMANAC AND TABLES,

FOR THE YEAR 1849.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ALMANAC FOR THE YEAR 1849.

MONTH	Days of the Month	Days of the Week	Moon's Phases, Changes, &c.	Moon's Southing	Moon's Age	Moon rises	Moon sets	Moon rises	Moon sets
JANUARY. 1st Month.	1	M		10	4	10	10	10	10
	2	T		10	5	10	10	10	10
	3	W		10	6	10	10	10	10
	4	T		10	7	10	10	10	10
	5	F		10	8	10	10	10	10
	6	S		10	9	10	10	10	10
	7	S		10	10	10	10	10	10
	8	M		10	11	10	10	10	10
	9	T		10	12	10	10	10	10
	10	W		10	13	10	10	10	10
	11	T		10	14	10	10	10	10
	12	F		10	15	10	10	10	10
	13	S		10	16	10	10	10	10
	14	S		10	17	10	10	10	10
	15	M		10	18	10	10	10	10
	16	T		10	19	10	10	10	10
	17	W		10	20	10	10	10	10
	18	T		10	21	10	10	10	10
	19	F		10	22	10	10	10	10
	20	S		10	23	10	10	10	10
	21	S		10	24	10	10	10	10
	22	M		10	25	10	10	10	10
	23	T		10	26	10	10	10	10
	24	W		10	27	10	10	10	10
	25	T		10	28	10	10	10	10
	26	F		10	29	10	10	10	10
	27	S		10	30	10	10	10	10
	28	S		10	31	10	10	10	10
	29	M		10	32	10	10	10	10
	30	T		10	33	10	10	10	10
	31	W		10	34	10	10	10	10
FEBRUARY. 2d Month.	1	T		10	35	10	10	10	10
	2	F		10	36	10	10	10	10
	3	S		10	37	10	10	10	10
	4	S		10	38	10	10	10	10
	5	M		10	39	10	10	10	10
	6	T		10	40	10	10	10	10
	7	W		10	41	10	10	10	10
	8	T		10	42	10	10	10	10
	9	F		10	43	10	10	10	10
	10	S		10	44	10	10	10	10
	11	S		10	45	10	10	10	10
	12	M		10	46	10	10	10	10
	13	T		10	47	10	10	10	10
	14	W		10	48	10	10	10	10
	15	T		10	49	10	10	10	10
	16	F		10	50	10	10	10	10
	17	S		10	51	10	10	10	10
	18	S		10	52	10	10	10	10
	19	M		10	53	10	10	10	10
	20	T		10	54	10	10	10	10
	21	W		10	55	10	10	10	10
	22	T		10	56	10	10	10	10
	23	F		10	57	10	10	10	10
	24	S		10	58	10	10	10	10
	25	S		10	59	10	10	10	10
	26	M		10	60	10	10	10	10
	27	T		10	61	10	10	10	10
	28	W		10	62	10	10	10	10
MARCH. 3d Month.	1	T		10	63	10	10	10	10
	2	F		10	64	10	10	10	10
	3	S		10	65	10	10	10	10
	4	S		10	66	10	10	10	10
	5	M		10	67	10	10	10	10
	6	T		10	68	10	10	10	10
	7	W		10	69	10	10	10	10
	8	T		10	70	10	10	10	10
	9	F		10	71	10	10	10	10
	10	S		10	72	10	10	10	10
	11	S		10	73	10	10	10	10
	12	M		10	74	10	10	10	10
	13	T		10	75	10	10	10	10
	14	W		10	76	10	10	10	10
	15	T		10	77	10	10	10	10
	16	F		10	78	10	10	10	10
	17	S		10	79	10	10	10	10
	18	S		10	80	10	10	10	10
	19	M		10	81	10	10	10	10
	20	T		10	82	10	10	10	10
	21	W		10	83	10	10	10	10
	22	T		10	84	10	10	10	10
	23	F		10	85	10	10	10	10
	24	S		10	86	10	10	10	10
	25	S		10	87	10	10	10	10
	26	M		10	88	10	10	10	10
	27	T		10	89	10	10	10	10
	28	W		10	90	10	10	10	10
	29	T		10	91	10	10	10	10
	30	F		10	92	10	10	10	10
	31	S		10	93	10	10	10	10
APRIL. 4th Month.	1	S		10	94	10	10	10	10
	2	M		10	95	10	10	10	10
	3	T		10	96	10	10	10	10
	4	W		10	97	10	10	10	10
	5	T		10	98	10	10	10	10
	6	F		10	99	10	10	10	10
	7	S		10	100	10	10	10	10
	8	S		10	101	10	10	10	10
	9	M		10	102	10	10	10	10
	10	T		10	103	10	10	10	10
	11	W		10	104	10	10	10	10
	12	T		10	105	10	10	10	10
	13	F		10	106	10	10	10	10
	14	S		10	107	10	10	10	10
	15	S		10	108	10	10	10	10
	16	M		10	109	10	10	10	10
	17	T		10	110	10	10	10	10
	18	W		10	111	10	10	10	10
	19	T		10	112	10	10	10	10
	20	F		10	113	10	10	10	10
	21	S		10	114	10	10	10	10
	22	S		10	115	10	10	10	10
	23	M		10	116	10	10	10	10
	24	T		10	117	10	10	10	10
	25	W		10	118	10	10	10	10
	26	T		10	119	10	10	10	10
	27	F		10	120	10	10	10	10
	28	S		10	121	10	10	10	10
	29	S		10	122	10	10	10	10
	30	M		10	123	10	10	10	10
MAY. 5th Month.	1	T		10	124	10	10	10	10
	2	W		10	125	10	10	10	10
	3	T		10	126	10	10	10	10
	4	F		10	127	10	10	10	10
	5	S		10	128	10	10	10	10
	6	S		10	129	10	10	10	10
	7	M		10	130	10	10	10	10
	8	T		10	131	10	10	10	10
	9	W		10	132	10	10	10	10
	10	T		10	133	10	10	10	10
	11	F		10	134	10	10	10	10
	12	S		10	135	10	10	10	10
	13	S		10	136	10	10	10	10
	14	M		10	137	10	10	10	10
	15	T		10	138	10	10	10	10
	16	W		10	139	10	10	10	10
	17	T		10	140	10	10	10	10
	18	F		10	141	10	10	10	10
	19	S		10	142	10	10	10	10
	20	S		10	143	10	10	10	10
	21	M		10	144	10	10	10	10
	22	T		10	145	10	10	10	10
	23	W		10	146	10	10	10	10
	24	T		10	147	10	10	10	10
	25	F		10	148	10	10	10	10
	26	S		10	149	10	10	10	10
	27	S		10	150	10	10	10	10
	28	M		10	151	10	10	10	10
	29	T		10	152	10	10	10	10
	30	W		10	153	10	10	10	10
	31	T		10	154	10	10	10	10
JUNE. 6th Month.	1	F		10	155	10	10	10	10
	2	S		10	156	10	10	10	10
	3	S		10	157	10	10	10	10
	4	M		10	158	10	10	10	10
	5	T		10	159	10	10	10	10
	6	W		10	160	10	10	10	10
	7	T		10	161	10	10	10	10
	8	F		10	162	10	10	10	10
	9	S		10	163	10	10	10	10
	10	S		10	164	10	10	10	10
	11	M		10	165	10	10	10	10
	12	T		10	166	10	10	10	10
	13	W		10	167	10	10	10	10
	14	T		10	168	10	10	10	10
	15	F		10	169	10	10	10	10
	16	S		10	170	10	10	10	10
	17	S		10	171	10	10	10	10
	18	M		10	172	10	10	10	10
	19	T		10	173	10	10	10	10
	20	W		10	174	10	10	10	10
	21	T		10	175	10	10	10	10
	22	F		10	176	10	10	10	10
	23	S		10	177	10	10	10	10
	24	S		10	178	10	10	10	10
	25	M		10	179	10	10	10	10
	26	T		10	180	10	10	10	10
	27	W		10	181	10	10	10	10
	28	T		10	182	10	10	10	10
	29	F		10	183	10	10	10	10
	30	S		10	184	10	10	10	10
JULY. 7th Month.	1	S		10	185	10	10	10	10
	2	M		10	186	10	10	10	10
	3	T		10	187	10	10	10	10
	4	W		10	188	10	10	10	10
	5	T		10	189	10	10	10	10
	6	F		10	190	10	10	10	10
	7	S		10	191	10	10	10	10
	8	S		10	192	10	10	10	10
	9	M		10	193	10	10	10	10
	10	T		10	194	10	10	10	10
	11	W		10	195	10	10	10	10
	12	T		10	196	10	10	10	10
	13	F		10	197	10	10	10	10
	14	S		10	198	10	10	10	10
	15	S		10	199	10	10	10	10
	16	M		10	200	10	10	10	10
	17	T		10	201	10	10	10	10
	18	W		10	202	10	10	10	10
	19	T		10	203	10	10	10	10
	20	F		10	204	10	10	10	10
	21	S		10	205	10	10	10	10
	22	S		10	206	10	10	10	10
	23	M		10	207	10	10	10	10
	24	T		10	208	10	10	10	10
	25	W		10	209	10	10	10	10
	26	T		10	210	10	10	10	10
	27	F		10	211	10	10	10	10
	28	S		10	212	10	10	10	10
	29	S		10	213	10	10	10	10
	30	M		10	214	10	10	10	10
	31	T		10	215	10	10	10	10
AUGUST. 8th Month.	1	W		10	216	10	10	10	10
	2	T		10	217	10	10	10	10
	3	F		10	218	10	10	10	10
	4	S		10	219	10	10	10	10
	5	S		10	220	10	10	10	10
	6	M		10	221	10	10	10	10
	7	T		10	222	10	10	10	10
	8	W		10	223	10	10	10	10
	9	T		10	224	10	10	10	10
	10	F		10	225	10	10	10	10
	11	S		10	226	10	10	10	10
	12	S		10	227	10	10	10	10
	13	M		10	228	10	10	10	10
	14	T		10	229	10	10	10	10
	15	W		10	230	10	10	10	10
	16	T		10	231	10	10	10	10
	17	F		10	232	10	10	10	10
	18	S		10	233	10	10	10	10
	19	S		10	234	10	10	10	10
	20	M		10	235	10	10	10	10
	21	T		10	236	10	10	10	10
	22	W		10	237	10	10	10	10
	23	T		10	238	10	10	10	10
	24	F		10	239	10	10	10	10
	25	S		10	240	10	10	10	10
	26	S		10	241	10	10	10	10
	27	M		10	242	10	10	10	10
	28	T		10	243	10	10	10	10
	29	W		10	244	10	10	10	10
	30	T		10	245	10	10	10	10
	31	F		10	246	10	10	10	10
SEPTEMBER. 9th Month.	1	S		10	247	10	10	10	10
	2	S		10	248	10	10	10	10
	3	M		10	249	10	10	10	10
	4	T		10	250	10	10	10	10
	5	W		10	251	10	10	10	10
	6	T		10	252	10	10	10	10
	7	F		10	253	10	10	10	10
	8	S		10	254	10	10	10	10
	9	S		10	255	10	10	10	10
	10	M		10	256	10	10	10	10
	11	T		10	257	10	10	10	10
	12	W		10	258	10	10	10	10
	13	T		10	259	10	10	10	10
	14	F		10	260	10	10	10	10
	15	S		10	261	10	10	10	10
	16	S		10	262	10	10	10	10
	17	M		10	263	10	10	10	10
	18	T		10	264	10	10	10	10
	19	W		10	265	10	10	10	10
	20	T		10	266	10	10	10	10
	21	F		10	267	10	10	10	10
	22	S		10	268	10	10	10	10
	23	S		10	269	10	10	10	10
	24	M		10	270	10	10	10	10
	25	T		10	271	10	10	10	10
	26	W		10	272	10	10	10	10
	27	T		10	273	10	10	10	10
	28	F		10	274	10	10	10	10
	29	S		10	275	10	10	10	10
	30	S		10	276	10	10	10	10
OCTOBER. 10th Month.	1	M		10	277	10	10	10	10
	2	T		10	278	10	10	10	10
	3	W		10	279	10	10	10	10
	4	T		10	280	10	10	10	10
	5	F		10	281	10	10	10	10
	6	S		10	282	10	10	10	10
	7	S		10	283	10	10	10	10
	8	M		10	284	10	10	10	10
	9	T		10	285	10	10	10	10
	10	W		10	286	10	10	10	10
	11	T		10	287	10	10	10	10
	12	F		10	288	10	10	10	10
	13	S		10	289	10	10	10	10
	14	S		10	290	10	10	10	10
	15	M		10	291	10	10	10	10
	16	T		10	292	10	10	10	10
	17	W		10	293	10	10	10	10
	18	T		10	294	10	10	10	10
	19	F		10	295	10	10	10	10
	20	S		10	296	10	10	10	10
	21	S		10	297	10	10	10	10
	22	M		10	298	10	10	10	10
	23

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NATIONAL ARGUS.

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

BY ——

I'm getting old, the locks that once shone silvery temples cover,
Are coming thin and silvery with touch robbing with the world,
And there are wrinkles on my brow and crow's-feet round my eyes,
Yet still I love Christmas comes along with all its noise and joys.

Upon my word I can't resist this feeling like a boy.
The sense of concern makes at the lobby's merry chime,
That comes but fifty years ago at happy Christmas time.

II.

How still the snow is falling and how lightly it comes down
And covers with its stricken sheet the landscape dark and brown;
Yet colder and more lightly come the snow of ages on me,
And it covers me with as chill a sheet life's snow not withered me:
The summer's sun shall bear the earth and hid its flow'rets grow,
No sun of youth can ever melt Time's frost from off my brow.
But what of that,—my heart ne'er felt of age the winter time,
Yet seems as fast as ever at the merry CHRISTMAS CHIME.

III.

I remember, when a mystic boy, I used to count the days
Before, within the fireplace large, the Christmas log would blaze,
When countless joys and mighty joints would fill my heart with glee,
And Christmas sports would still supply my reduced infected breast.
How early Christmas morning, while the night still lingers with fire,
I crept out of the chambers where my elders, slumbering, lay,
And shivered out the fragment of some yough and ancient tipsy,
"Awake, ner longer slumber, for 'tis merry CHRISTMAS TIME."

IV.

Very quiet on land and sea rolled by, and home again once more,
And kindly parents and welcome hands still met me at the door,
But those were not whose gentle cheek grew apprent on my voice,
Whose last soft tones of greeting made my heart the most rejoice.
The scene old events came again, but with a better joy
Than that which filled my spirit when a wild and wanton boy;
For I had made a treasure that enriched no other clime,
And that was as sweet my bride at the happy CHRISTMAS TIME.

V.

Time lightens every sorrow, and although it still remembered,
The memory of the lost one no more my spirit bowed;
And, as each Christmas came along, were gathered round the board,
We prolonged the merry carol, or exchanged the domestic word.
I kind a cup in silence and devoted it with a tear,
To her who, as sweet as angels, had not much time dear,
And then the happy influence of the bellty's merry chime
Came o'er me like a blessing, and I blessed the CHRISTMAS TIME.

VI.

We have grown old together, dear friend, and we have No coldness to each other's heart or in each other's tone;
There have many sunk beside us, who in youth were gay as we,
And we long upon life's branches like those dry leaves we see.
The Christmas if it may be our last, no pile the blaze,
And in the happy influence of the bellty's merry chime
We'll cast on leaves long gone this once at this sweet CHRISTMAS TIME.

The Essayist.

WALTER SCOTT.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

The tendency of Scott's writings, like the tendency of all the great compositions of the nineteenth century, is in favor of human freedom and human happiness. However strong may have been the spell which the past exercised over his mind, whatever may have been his policies, he could not succeed in accomplishment of character, without allowing his genius to follow its own instincts, and endue its tribe of nobility only the more powerful. Those who have attacked him for his supposed injustice to particular classes, have generally been persons indisposed to do justice to the classes opposed to themselves. Critics who have been bigots in their hatred of him, have generally been bigots in their love of some other cause and detachment of genius. But the most pitiful lie that ever insinuated itself into any criticism, above that of Grub-street, is the charge of unmanliness brought against his writings. He had not, forsooth, "any sympathy with the time side of a moral;" a foolish fallacy he correct, then most assuredly he is not the author of the Waverly Novels. The poet who sympathizes with the right and hates the wrong the charge is critics. But it is urged, that he displays a childish love of vast and showy. This, in its essential meaning, is as false as the other. Who among the characters in "Ivanhoe" is drawn with the most power on whom has the author lavished the whole wealth of his heart and imagination? Rebecca, the despised and unlight heroine. In the "Heart of Midlothian," there is an enervate between Caroline Carnie and Jeanie Deans. Now that Queen is a case in point. She rather her husband, who, after a fashion, ruled Great Britain. Yet the little heroine, possessed with no other title than those conferred upon her by the Most High, is represented that every reader cannot but consider her as superior to the Queen. Instances of a similar character might be multiplied. The contrast between Scott's Poems and Novels, to prove that his sympathy with low and vulgar, especially with the humbler portions of it, has never been actualized by any writer of equal comprehension to heart and imaginative power.

Two classes of critics have attacked Scott's character and writings, with more than ordinary unreasonableness. He is not democratic enough for the first, nor spiritual enough for the second. As for democracy, in connection with generally advance principles of criticism, which lead, when carried out to their extreme, to the conclusion that Joel Barlow was a greater poet than Homer, because he entertained more liberal notions of government. They seem to think that if a poet's political opinions are monarchical, his representations of human nature must be historical. For instance, William Shakspeare would be deemed a much more liberal writer than Scott, because he was more of a democrat, more versatile and master against aristocracy and tyranny; yet, in spirit, he was one of the bitterest aristocrats that ever lived—one of the most opposites, arrogant, self-willed, regardless of the rights and feelings of others, the most unaccompromising hater of his time. Now, a man of that stamp, however splendid may be his talents, is not to be trusted in the representation of life and character, because his insight must be distorted by his antipathies. What, must be understood as the narrow circle of his individual tastes, would be denominated or misnamed. Yet, we continually hear the judgments of such men quoted as authorities, against men of infinitely more comprehensiveness of nature. Health denoted Scott's politics, and believed all him against his character. His criticisms, therefore, are rather specimens of mingled admiration and depreciating. His will is best manifested by another. Scott appear sneer and coldness, but his instinctive sense of the excellence of what he is denouncing, occasionally breaks out in splendid bursts of eulogy.

G. P. R. JAMES.

"As spoon has no fishing, and as large portions of it are still unoccupied by large bodies, it seems not very philosophical to suppose that any person who endeavors to fill up its wide chasms; yet, in the case of Mr. James, we apologize the portion of indulgence upon which his writings emerge. We dispute his right to pile up matter which is the type or symbol of an small an amount of spirit. We apply for the old vacuum, and think that though nature may have abhorred it in the days of Aristotle, her feelings must have changed since modern and dissenty has filled it with such weak apologies for substance and form."

"A dull country gentleman was once seduced into an attempt to read the first page of Waverley. He journeyed through that exquisite book, seemingly at the rate of ten pages an evening; but when he laid it down for the night, and carefully marked the place where he stopped, some mischievous imp must have put the mark about eight pages back in the volume. Of course, many months elapsed before he arrived at the end. He was then asked how he was pleased with it; 'Oh! he liked it very well, but he thought there was a little too much politics in it!' An objection somewhat similar to this, we have heard made against Mr. James, and with almost as clear an insight into the real secret of the matter."

"Novel-writing is generally deemed to be as 'easy as lying.' The facility with which things called novels are written seems to favor this delusion. Still, we honestly conceive it to be an error. Many persons have attained a marvellous proficiency in falsehood, and tell lies in an astonishing way for their size, but this is not the number of great novelists in small. Lying, therefore, is not by no means synonymous with novel-writing. No. II.—*From the scene to the scene (two days later.)*

"Misguided man!

"Mercy is not mercy, unless guided by justice. Just guided by a small share of compassion is tyrannical. Justice and mercy are therefore the two attributes which exists between good and bad societies. The former have a certain 'knack' which the latter cannot obtain;—and this is the knack of seeing and telling the truth. Here is an important consideration. The power of withholding information, of delineating life, character, society, and manners, is one of the truest gifts of genius. In its greatest manifestations, it is felt to be the noblest exercise of a creative mind."

Selected Articles.

GERMAN CUSTOMS.

[We take the following interesting account of some German Customs, from a letter written by an American lady who has lately arrived, and which letter appears in the N. Y. Spectator:]

It is one of the chief glories of German houses to possess abundance of closets, and for the purpose of displaying their wealth they put off their washing till all is used up. In this exercise of cleanliness, every right and thence who are more affluent have washing but once a year.

Every house contains a "Schwartz-zeug-Kammer," where the dirty clothes are kept long up on poles or lines in the air. When the drawers and presses are nearly empty, two or three washerwomen are hired, who come at two in the morning, take each a cup of coffee and some bread, which is repeated at the usual breakfast time. In the forenoon they have again bread, with wine or cider; at dinner, three or four days have gone at twelve; at three or four they have again a cup of coffee with bread, and then wash till supper, at night. (What would our working women say to so many hours consecutive labor?) They wash in very large oval tubs, at which four or five can stand at once. So it goes on for several days, according to the number of clothes. The remainder of the week is spent in ironing—starch, pillow-cases and all the ungainliest clothes are mangled, and towels, stockings, children's handkerchiefs, &c. are only folded. During the whole week no woman in the family can think of anything but the washing, and by the end of it, some are sick, some have sore hands (for they use lay,) and all are out of humor. When it is all done they have a merry time, except our week's wash make, they acknowledge it is a better way, but say they fear people would think they had but two shirts apiece, if they were to wash every week. Others answer that if the Americans wash every week, they can do nothing else, for on washing week no one can think of any thing beside. It made me think of the old lady who wondered how people could wash their heads every day, when she could hardly bear to comb hers on Thanksgiving day.

The real old-fashioned German thinks the Americans have their wives too free; they leave them to their own care, not what is German, but what belongs to their little Prosperity. He condemn any thing as objectionable, they call *Das ist in Warzenberg nicht Sitte!* (That is not the custom in Wurtemberg.) Out of these people was heard to exclaim, while in Naples, *Es gibt nieres Neapel!* (There is but one Stuttgard.)

I find carpets in Germany are used only in the houses of the nobility and in the parlors of the gentry. Indeed, I generally observed that those only who are able to keep two houses can carpet, and they may even be seen together. Many of the middle classes, families of lawyers, doctors and clergymen, have rugs which they embroider upon coffee sacks, because it is a strong and even cloth. Double woven carpets are unknown. The houses are so built that no breath of air is felt in the winter, nor any part of the room, even meeting the stove, in the summer, cannot be thought of, nor can the great pile of stone, mortar and iron, called an ornament, enjoy in the houses of the nobility, where it is made to look like a graceful white marble pillar, or to have the appearance of dazzling brass. They are made, I believe, like sarcophagi, of tin, and painted in imitation of the latter. I have seen around the fire-places in some of the oldest aristocratic houses in America.

My little sister remarks that her resemblance to me is rendered incomplete by my "not wearing specs," for "I have never seen Mrs. Hoolbrook before I go home. I am a long brother lady, all way from the State of New Hampshire, and the Deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father, and he was a very particular friend of mine, and I should like to see him 'mazingly." "I does lie live almost here" asked the driver.

"Well, I don't know for certain," said the lady, "for I have not been called to visit them. This is the first time I ever was so far from home. I live in the State of New Hampshire, and the Deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father—"

"You had better get in, ma'am," said the driver, "or you'll be late to meeting."

"Well, I don't know but I may as well," she replied, and I entered the carriage and drove some mile who was from the State of New Hampshire, and that her husband had been a very particular friend of her father, and this little girl's father—"

"I will take your face, ma'am," said the driver.

"How much is it, sir?" asked the lady.

"Four and sixpence," said the driver, "for you've been in a hurry."

"Well, that is a monstrous sight of money for a little girl's passage, like that; her father, who was a very particular friend of mine for years, and I never was so far from home in all my life. I live in the State of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady, but I dare say that neither of them gentlemen would be one cent poorer for she a sixpence.

She seems to be aware of nothing but that she was in a strange place, inflamed by the studied arrangement of her curls and dress. She can sing a little, and play a little; and is sometimes guilty of a little poetry. She paints flowers, and read a French novel; has written verses to an album, and been commended for them, which I have not. Lord Byron once promised to set them to music, but has not done it. Is not Lady Scudsheim then a per—a darling? Is not she an individual worthy to be regarded with so much admiration, and treated with so much care, as a piece of Dresden china? Is she too a love of a lady?

The Hon. Mr. Silloway was once in the act of proposing, but took advice and did not. The Lady therefore remains in blessedness, among the pets.

FLORA SATIRICA.

THE ROYAL COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

Really in times like the present, when kings are brought into such odd and unexplained relations to their subjects, a work under the above title seems a desideratum in literature. Now that letters are daily turned topsy-turvy, bulletined about like Jugglers' balls, and sceptres balanced as gingerly as the equilibrist's baton, with a donkey's ear in it, everything may depend on a monarch's having a good guide to letter writing in any hour in any life. A monarch sinning with his people in correspondence.

The following specimens may be useful, as hints for such a book, under some taking silly-sensitive title like The Monarch's Manual; or Cut and Dry Letters for Crowned Heads; or Epistles for an Embarrassed Emperor; or Little Letters for Lounging Lords Paramount. To be printed in German text, of course, and Royal, instead of the old Court character :—

No. I.—From a King to a fat to the Mob tremplant in his Capital.

"My beloved (here comes the cursing appellative—Beelzebub, Caliban, Cerberus, Cain, Satan, Vitriance,' &c., as the case may be.)

"Your king hastens to place himself at the head of his beloved people, as he has long ruled in their hearts. Your sublime attitude inspires me with confidence. Your right shall be carried by every constitutional guarantee, and your universal amnesty granted for political offences. A king is never so great or so happy as in the bosom of his people. Abandon your citizens to the vengeance of their tyrant in your homes, and rest under the shadow of the law which you have created. Your pernicious Ministers shall no longer stand between me. Bless you, my beloved and heroic people; as I do not forget you in my prayers, and the c me snatched up in the moment of silence."

Such an epistle ought to be followed by a cessation of popular tumult, and the voluntary dismissing of the insurgents from the streets, while may be circumvented on the capital, the royal cat, as a being kept packed and boxed, and sent off to the nearest sea-port. The king's army is by said so as to command the city, you may exhibit—

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FLORA SATIRICA.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT BERLIN.

Among the splendid buildings of Prussia, there is none more beautiful in all its details than the Royal Museum at Berlin, which contains the choicest specimens of the arts which were collected together under the Royal munificence in Berlin and Potsdam, as well as a multitude of accessions made of late years. This splendid structure will immortalize the name of Schinckel, the architect. Owing to the swampy nature of the soil, it is built on upwards of 1,000 piles, some 48 ft. in all in length. Its form is a rectangular oblong 321 feet in length and 193 in depth. It is 63 feet high from the ground to the top of the establishment. It has a basement story and two floors above it. The principal front is broken by a flight of 21 steps leading to a vestibule 51 feet deep which is formed by 18 Ionic columns. The principal picture gallery is 160 feet in length and 75 in breadth. The size of the apartments devoted to collections of ancient sculptures, vases, ancient and modern coins, ancient bronzes, and pottery. The building was begun in 1825, and was opened on the 3rd of August, 1830. In front of this edifice is a colossal vase, chiseled out of native granite 73 tons in weight, resting on a handsome pedestal.

Miscellaneous.

UPON FINDING AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

[The following beautiful lines will be interesting at this time, when the gold fever is raging. They are written by one who went out to India, in the Gloucester, Capt. Wood, a number of years ago, and with many others, died on attaining the object, beneath the burning sun.]

Stave of the dark and dirty mine
What treaty hath brought thee here?
How can I hear to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The mighty magic of the Inner
For twilight converse sure is sent,
The beholder's shield leaves no scar,
Where mirth and music used to chant.
Oh! Cowardly, and basely weak,
Where constantly shadow all the mind,
I sweet visions kind of loveliness,
Of Twist bread, white still a child.
Of varied scenes of things unknown,
By Ede, or Eden's chaste wave,
Where love and hate and all worship seized.
Cluttered by thee, with yellow wave.
Stave of the mine, by yellow light
Gnome hateful as the tomb-dew drear,
At gentle visions ne'er by night
My lonely, widow'd heart to cheer
Thy eyes are dim with misery's rain
I can't be an unmeet grave,
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear,
How do I hate to see thee shine!
For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left my native land to roam,
I crossed the sultans ocean's wave,
To turn to gloom a wife and home.
The child was of the stranger land blow
Cold on my withered bosom lay,
And all its sunny mute say view
And all its tiny sweet voice says!
Far from my sacred natal clime
I sank to an untimely grave.
The daring thoughts that soared sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's flowless wave.
And cool'd their now so late, to mock
A heart'd wanderer's fitful fever.
Now that its frame, the lightning's shock,
And caper-cutter tipped with death, hath borne
From love, from friendship, in many tone,
To temporary final repose for ever.
Vile slave, the yellow drone I swore,
Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay!

A PATIENT MAN.

Forty years ago in St. Paul's Church-yard, there lived a certain mathematical Englishman, who was a dry goods store, the favorite resort of ladies. The partners of the house, and all their clerks, were bound to be the most polite and indulgent conduct; but one of his clerks had earned the appellation "of the patient man." Were the ribbons ever known to lose temper or polite attention, under the trying ordeal of a lady's whims—a thing of course to conclude.

A lady of title and large fortune determined to have a splendid time of it, and after calling at other lady to accompany her, dressed in chariot to Paul's, and in her elegant manner, with exclaimed and two footmen in their splendid livery, in the store, and mingled on the patient man.

She first desired to see some satins, and after having chose and that were there, rose to them round her. She then requested to show her the velvets. These were as little to her taste as the satins, and left for some. Those were undertaken to prove and cavalry, or breadth or length, or something, and asked to see some ribbons. Some were to like, and others too much fringed; some were too narrow, and others were too broad. The length she bought a yard of cotton, and paid the price, (and not without grumbling,) one the coach.

The patient man folded it up, handed her into the carriage, paid the carriage duties along, she asked him "why do you not go into business for yourself?" "I have no capital," he replied.

She told him if he would select a place where business would be done, she would go out him to set up on a good store, and promised to secure him many families.

The patient man thanked her for her kindness, and promised her his services, and his fears of failure. She named a most desirable spacious corner, without all difficulties, and she would ran all risks if he would try. He wished to tell his worldly circumstances to his friends and they consented; and they advised him to accept the offer.

The lady sent her own surveyor and her lawyer with him, and they chose a place in Ludgate Hill. He examined the title and deeds, and backed his credit for £2,000 more. He commenced and was successful. He took in partners, and in three years retired from the Ludgate Hill "Great Shawl Establishment," and left the whole house of all which was one hour's patience.—*N. Y. Organ.*

VERY POLITE.—A political paper, in giving the returns of an election, discharges all well, "Sir, I have the honor to inform you, that the elected candidate.

A FRENCH YANKEE.—A Frenchman was recently seen bargaining for half a dozen sheep.

"What are you about?" said a friend.

"I have heard say," replied Monsieur, "you must 'buy sheep and sell dem.' I shall buy de sheep and sell de venison!"

For Housekeepers.

TO POLISH STOVES.

Cold weather is coming, and we housekeepers, who pride ourselves upon having our stoves look like new, have other duties, to polish and keep in polish, the stoves which have been put away for the season. We generally borrow and send for a receipt for those of our friend-ess, who, like myself, have come to a little of our own, and consequently bankrupted by parent blacking, warranted "to keep a stove bright as a new dollar," for one application or year." Make a weak slum-water, and mix your "British luster" with it, perhaps two teaspoonfuls to a pint, keeping the mixture in a stove to cold, brush it with the mixture; then take a flat iron, and give it a good rub and the stove till it is perfectly dry. Should any part become so dry before polishing as to look gray, moisten with the wet brush, and proceed as above. I sometimes take tolerably strong alum-water and go over the stove one morning, and polish it the next; and in twenty minutes can thus have a stove that would answer for a mirror. If the above sets one person the vexation that black lead and vinegar, paint blacking, &c. have given me, I am satisfied. E. *Farmer Farmer.*

Miscellaneous.

THE MEANS THAT DESTROY HEALTH.

Take, for example, a young girl who has been bred delicately in town, and shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding school through her youth—never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the fear of God has essential to health, and in whom her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early, and her acquaintances call her unamiable. What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life and from her children!" Was a Providence! No! Providence has assigned her threescore years and ten—a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children, but she did not obey the law on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a hard student and accomplished and eminent in his profession. A general bear runs on every side, "What a mysterious providence!" The man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and in the course of visiting luxurious dinners and drinking various wines. He has every day violated a law on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The avil rarely ends here. The disease of the father are often transmitted, and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children. It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in silk dresses and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of heaven's laws, pays the penalty! A checked circulation, cold, fever and death—"What a mysterious providence!" cry the friends. Was it Providence or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes night after night to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is somewhat cold, but she must be there and some hear: for who ever saw a bride in a close carriage? Consequently consumption is the consequence. Should a girl at ten thousand a year be blamed? Certainly not! She has inconsiderate in point and cruelty; but she is not responsible for her education. Some were the fashion, and others too much fringed; some were too narrow, and others were too broad. The length she bought a yard of calico, and paid the price, (and not without grumbling,) one the coach.

Varieties.

"IS HE RICH?"

Many a sigh is heard, many a heart is broken by the question, and with the answer, "Yes," a multitude of sins are covered. Many a heartless infatuation which parents often manifest for their children, is a complete bankruptcy of their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to reach from the arms of two principles so opposite as love and money? Love is a living principle, as much as virtue is to vice! How often is the first question asked in connection with the affections of the daughter, "does he rich?"

Is he rich?" Yes, he abounds in wealth; but does not affect any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband.

Is he rich?" Yes, he clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day; but does not affect that he is virtuous?

Is he rich?" Yes, he has thousands fastened up in money bonds; but does not bestow them to themselves wings and fly away? Will you not immediately conclude that such a man has not nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah! beware; the gilded bait sometimes conceals the sorest ills of life. And then, "he is rich," but "he is virtuous?" Ask the question, and the answer will be, in nine cases in only a two-thirds majority; and they agreed that the two minorities as large a lot as they could thus agree upon.

Very well,—and what was the result, with all this latitude, and with the power of choice left to parents? All or several hours of labor, and the most miserable unhappiness for life. TEN *varieties for* GENERAL *reflections, and* FOUR *for* PARTICULAR *localities.* A great number of others were prepared, but came passed in annotation. The great Phrenological Garden at Robert Blackmore at below, contains a thousand varieties of *poor* sense—the Committee could agree to recommend twelve as worthy of guarding against. Now penalties, eight electors, and eight pleas, were all that were chosen of those respective species. Indeed, so difficult was it to propose any thing worthy, since a curious objection was not known by members of the Committee, that it was admitted that but little could be accomplished, unless new varieties of *the right stamp* could be manufactured to order.

The truth is, there is a very large number of brains, and especially apples, in all parts a the country, that are sadly deficient in the power worthy of cultivation; but having reached the age of twenty-one, it seems nearly impossible to strain the point a single notch higher. Hence, if the cautious cultivator, after prescribing a hundred new and highly praised sorts, shall find one that is decidedly first rate, and excellent in every particular, he may regard his labor as well repaid. But it should be constantly borne in mind, that no new fruit deserves adoption, which is not decidedly superior to old varieties of the same season of ripening, in at least one important particular, especially in fine quality.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

POULTRY OF HERS.—Dr. J. Bayless, of Chicago, kept an account of the expenses and incomes of fifty hens, for one year. The cost of keeping on corn, was about twenty-five cents for each hen. The hens averaged ninety-one eggs each. One of the editors of the *Prairie Farmer* states that he has kept forty hens the past year; that the cost was about the same as given by Dr. Bayless; but that the hens averaged only sixty-five eggs each. The fowls in both cases were confined in a yard, but a few of these were allowed to have their liberty for a part of each day. They were fed with fresh lime mixed with water.

LARGE POULTRY.—At a show held in England, under the direction of the late Earl Spencer, the following were the deemed weights of some of the prize poultry:

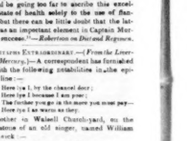
The best turkey weighed 38 lbs.; a pair of geese, 16½ lbs.; gallet, 6 lbs. 2½ oz.; goose, 12 lbs. 5½ oz.; couple of ducks, 15 lbs. 10 oz.

ASHES AS GRASS.—S. E. Gay, of Salem, N. Y., sowed in the autumn of 1845, 25 bushels of unleached ashes on two acres of meadow, which was mown the next June, and has never been for thirty years. The crop of hay was increased from half a ton per acre to one and the second year to a ton and a quarter.

TO BUILD A RAT PROOF GRANARY.—Having noticed in one of the newspapers, a request for, an inquiry for a "Rat-proof Granary," I offer the following cheap, simple and effectual plan, which was put in practice by myself, though I fear I am too late to benefit my Rensselaer friends this season. I think the only one who is intruded upon by these unwelcome visitors, therefore I feel myself called upon to state all the facts I can for their benefit. I was strongly impressed from former experience, with a secure plan, by the happiness recommendations afforded by the constant use of flannel, next the skin, that, when, on his arrival in England, Capt. Ross, in 1832, after the severest arctic the icebergs on the coast of Labrador, the ship was ordered to sail immediately for the West Indies, and the sailors, all fitting that, when in India, he witnessed a remarkable proof of the beneficial effects of flannel, in the progress of the most aggravated form of dysentery, in the second battalion of the Royals. Captain Murray said Dr. Cruby that he was so strongly impressed from former experience, with a secure plan, by the happiness recommendations afforded by the constant use of flannel, next the skin, that, when, on his arrival in England, the 1st Indian, and the 2nd in the Gulf of Mexico; and notwithstanding the sudden transition from extreme climates, returned to England, with the loss of only seven men, or having any sick on board on his arrival. In India he was in the habit of wearing, at most times even gentlemen, who have some pretensions to education, and will not be content to be to others, with me its benefits will rest. Now, suppose, instead of the slow and unusual process of rat-catching, a rat is known to be in the granary, let us be convinced to the magical power of *tipes*, which will spread the knowledge of your profitable experiment, gained by your thought, through the country, and even to the Penobscot and Kennebec.

Here lies I, Epsom Pry.
My country borrows my patience and I

Agricultural.



"THE CULTIVATOR."

This monthly, published at Albany, New York, by LUTHER TUCKER, commences a new volume with the new year, and the No. for January is already on our table. It is elegantly printed on fine paper, and illustrated with numerous engravings. Its contents are not entirely of original articles, and among them are contributions, in the single number, from Edmund Ruffin, Hon. Solon Robinson, Hon. Henry Colman, Professor Emmons, Professor Johnston, Professor Norton, Professor Mapes, and others. The Cultivator is already on our table. It is always welcome.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLES.

PLANTING.

Table showing the number of Plants required for one Acre of Land, from 1 foot to twenty-one Feet distance from Plant to Plant.

Ft.	Plants	Ft.	Plants	Ft.	Plants
1	43,560	8	680	15	193
2	10,890	9	537	16	170
3	4,840	10	435	17	151
4	2,722	11	360	18	134
5	1,742	12	302	19	120
6	1,210	13	257	20	108
7	889	14	222	21	96

PLOUGHING

Table showing the Distance travelled by a horse in ploughing an Acre of Land, and the number of Miles of land worked in a day, at the rate of 16 and 18 miles per hour.

Breadth of furrow	Space travelled in a day	At rate of 16 miles per hour	At rate of 18 miles per hour
Inches	Miles	Rods	Rods
6	24	160	180
7	20½	137	154
8	18	120	135
9	16	107	120
10	14½	96	108
11	13	87	98
12	12	80	90
13	11	74	83
14	10½	68	77
15	10	64	72
16	9½	60	67
17	9	56	63
18	8½	53	60
19	8	50	56
20	7½	48	54
21	7	45	51
22	6½	43	48
23	6½	41	46
24	6	40	45

MILK.

The following table indicates the number of yards contained in a rain in 5 different counties.

Mile in England or America,	1,760 yds.
Ireland,	2,240 yds.
Scotland,	1,984 yds.
Russia,	3,500 yds.
Denmark and Denmark,	4,680 yds.
Poland,	1,400 yds.
Spain,	5,000 yds.
Germany,	8,000 yds.
Switzerland and Denmark,	9,000 yds.
Hungary,	8,000 yds.
League in England or America,	5,280 yds.

ENGLISH CORN MEASURES.

1 Gills equal to 1 Pint equal to 34.6.3 cubic inches.
4 Pints " 1 Quart " 69.354 "
8 Quarts " 1 Gallon " 277.1.4. do.
2 Gallons " 1 Peck " 554.2.8 do.
4 Gallons do. 1 Bushel do. 2,218.1.1 do.
8 Bushels do. 1 Quarter do. 17,745.0.8 do.
5 Quarters do. 1 Load do. 21.1.3 do.

AN ACRE OF LAND CONTAINS

4 Roods, or 160 square Perches, or
40 Rods, 10 feet each.
4,840 square yards, or
43,560 Square feet, 144 inches.
6,272,640 square inches, or 100,000 links.
4,356,000 inches, or squares of 1 inch each.

GESTATION TABLE.

Showing the period of Gestation of Animals and the Number of Young.

Kinds of Animals	Shortest Average Time	Longest Time	Common Number
Mare,	322	347	11 months
Cow,	265	291	1
Ewe,	145	154	1
Goat,	145	154	1
Sow,	112	120	10
Bitch,	56	70	5
Cat,	50	60	4
Rabbit,	30	32	7
Turkey,	26	28	12
Hen,	20	22	15
Duck,	28	30	12
Goose,	30	32	7
Pigeon,	14	15	2

WEIGHT OF GRAIN.

A bushel of Wheat weighs	60 lbs.
do. Rye	56 lbs.
do. Barley weighs	47 lbs.
do. Oats	32 lbs.
do. Peas	66 lbs.
do. Beans	60 lbs.
do. Indian Corn	56 lbs.
do. Clover Seed weighs	60 lbs.

HOUSEWIFE'S WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

A tea spoonful	1 pound	is one ounce.
Indian meal,	1 pound	is one ounce.
Flour, sifted soft,	1 pound	is one ounce.
White sugar, powdered,	1 pound	is one ounce.
Best brown sugar,	1 pound	is one ounce.
A common sized tumbler holds		half a pint.
A common sized wine glass holds		half a gill.
4 inches a round wine glass is		1 gill.

RENT.—When a statue had been erected to Theogenes, a celebrated victor in one of the public games of Greece, by his fellow citizens of Thasos, an envy was held that it should be cast by the envious hatred of one of his rivals, that he would in it every night, and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, till it was unfortunately successful, he was able to move it from its place, and was crushed to death beneath it on its fall. This, if we consider the evil-consuming misery of envy, is truly what happens in every envious man. He may perhaps throw down his rival's glory, but he is crushed in the whole evil beneath the glory which he overturns.

☞ English threves represent themselves at the West as travelling noblemen, "taking home," which they do only by picking pockets.

Advertisements.

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, ASTHMA, and all diseases of the Chest, Throat and Lungs.

Dr. Sherman's Cancer Remedies, Lung and Nervous Syrups, &c. &c. &c.

*Are prepared from Roots and Herbs, and are expective, v